

Dwight's Journal of Music, A Paper of Art and Literature.

WHOLE No. 250.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1857.

VOL. X. No. 16.

Dwight's Journal of Music,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

TERMS: By Mail, \$2 per annum, in advance.
When left by Carrier, \$2.50 "

J. S. DWIGHT, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
EDWARD L. BALCH, PRINTER.

OFFICE, No. 21 School Street, Boston.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED

At the OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, 21 School St. Boston.
By NATHAN RICHARDSON, 229 Washington St. "
" GEORGE P. REED & CO., 18 Tremont Row, "
" CLAPP & CORY, Providence, R. I.
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Mozart's Requiem.

[The following account of the origin of the "Requiem" was contributed to Novello's *Musical Times*, (London,) by Mr. E. HOLMES, the author of the excellent English Life of Mozart. As we have not before published any version of the familiar story, and as we are now about to have the Requiem performed in Boston, (thanks to Mr. TRALBERG,) we have no doubt that it will interest our readers. There is no better version of the story, and the accompanying remarks will help prepare the listener for a right understanding of the music. This, however, is but the introductory chapter to an extended critical analysis of the whole composition, which we may perhaps find reason to transfer to our columns hereafter.]

During the twelve years which Mozart spent at Vienna, on his removal from Salzburg, his genius had borne the fruits of these preparatory studies (his earlier Masses) principally in secular music, for the stage, the orchestra, and the chamber; and, except the Mass in C minor, composed the year after his marriage, which now forms the ground work of *Davide Penitente*, he had rendered no tribute to the church—though this nursing mother, who had brought him up to maturity under her especial care, maintained his interest and affection. On the vicissitudes of his public life at Vienna we might still think with some degree of indignation and grief, were it not better to

Let determined things
To destiny hold unbawled their way.

Without the antecedents of such a career, we could not have possessed the *Requiem*, which owes its chief peculiarities and impassioned style to the circumstances under which it was produced; the mind bright and unimpaired, the body wasting—the hand of death tracing notes in which the composer fully believed he was celebrating his own obsequies, and bidding final adieu to earth and its concerns.

The history of the composition of the *Requiem* is too familiar to be repeated: we all know what tender domestic scenes and embarrassments it occasioned—how Mozart worked at it sometimes

to swooning—how often the score was taken from him by his wife, and again, at his earnest solicitation, returned, to be finally completed by the time when he took to his death-bed; his imagination being through the whole period filled with fatal presentiments and images of the other world—that he had received a supernatural commission—that his health was undermined by poison—with other 'sick men's dreams.' He appears to have been surprised by the sudden summons; he thought how young he was to die, estimating life by years rather than by sensations—forgetting that he had compressed in thought, feeling, and action, three lives into one—forgetting the nine hundred works which he had composed—the night how often turned into day by him, for business or pleasure—the masquerades, the balls, and the occasional convivial excesses in which he had shared with the actors; for all which, as it may have been too much on either side, the laws of our mechanical being demand a reckoning, and even the favored Mozart could claim no exemption. Preoccupied with the effort to understand his own genius, and with the desire to accomplish what seemed open to him in music, he seems in his personal conduct to have acted at times with an indifference to consequences, which the enthusiasm of youth and the abstract character of his pursuits may alone explain, if not quite excuse.

It was in the autumn of 1791, when his health had suffered a serious change, though it at first occasioned no ground for alarm, that he received a commission from some unknown hand to compose a *Requiem*, which was to be in his best manner, and entirely in the style which he himself approved. For what purpose the original possessor of the work treated for it in the manner he did, making no restrictions on him from retaining a score, or even publishing it when he thought fit, remains to this day a mystery. We have heard a Count Wallsegg named as this individual 'stranger.' Desiring to celebrate the anniversary of the decease of a lady whom he had tenderly loved, by the performance of a *Requiem* exclusively his own, he procured this; some say that he wished it to pass as his own composition—a dangerous fraud if he had done nothing, and still more if the contrary: but to this story we give no heed, for his first business in such an attempt should have been to destroy all traces of Mozart's handwriting; and even then his secret must have remained in jeopardy, from the free intercourse with his friends and family which the composer always maintained while writing. Instead of finding base and unworthy motives for the instigator of the *Requiem*—accusations which bear with them their own refutation—we can only express the obligation of the world to him, and wish that Mozart had earlier found so discerning a patron.

The composer himself innocently founded the tale of mystery which has circulated with his *Requiem*—the origin of which may be distinctly traced to the excited and gloomy imagination which accompanied his sickness. That a rich and tasteful nobleman who knew Mozart's power of writing in the most elevated style of sacred music, should wish to possess a *Requiem* by him was not wonderful; but that, in treating for it, he concealed his name, paid handsomely beforehand and transacted the whole affair through the agency of one who seemed to watch Mozart and to come upon

him at unexpected times and places, was strange, and appeared to the composer almost supernatural. He was haunted from time to time by the presence of a man whose sole care seemed to be the *Requiem*; and this mysterious figure approached him just as he was stepping into the carriage which conveyed him to Prague, to compose *La Clemenza di Tito*. With his head and heart full of the beautiful melodies which distinguish that opera, the disagreeable effect of such an apparition—the train of ideas called up by it—may be imagined. "Who can it be that is thus earnest on this gaudy funereal theme? Certainly a messenger from the other world, and he foretells my death." Thus reasoned on false grounds the sick Mozart, and he arrived at a right conclusion by the instinct which is beyond reason.

Another circumstance brought to this application for the *Requiem* a kind of supernatural interest. Mozart had all his life been secretly wishing for the opportunity of composing one, and now it occurred almost miraculously, and just as he could have desired. The subject coincided exactly with his frame of mind in failing health, and the composer, who had been educated among theologians, and in the strictest observances of his community, was eager for the opportunity of once more doing honor to that church of which he had been of late a lax and somewhat pardonable member.* He knew that the first privilege of composing for the church is independence of the public and freedom from the prejudices of taste and fashion; and to be able to write his best without fear or hesitation was, to him who had sacrificed himself continually to others, a rare and much desired opportunity. Possibly, also, he thought with humility that his good works might deserve the favor of heaven—that *voca me cum benedictis*, the humble prayer of his music, might be fulfilled on his own behalf, and that at the general consummation he might himself, though unworthy, be admitted to nestle among the wings of the angels. The composition breathes these feelings; though suppliant and religious, it is full of human passion—it casts a longing, lingering look at the past, amidst the terrors of the future—it is, in fact, Mozart revolving his experience of life, and lost in a dream of the final Judgment, with feelings which he was the first to express in the mysterious language of music.

All the incidents of the fatal autumn which put a period to Mozart were deeply impressed on the memory of his widow and her sister; and when, in the early part of the present century, the score was published, the story of the 'stranger,' drawn out in form and detail, and adapted to the popular taste, circulated with it. Advantage was taken of the mystery to excite the public to an interest in a work whose intrinsic merit needed no adventitious aid. The taste for music and the fame of Mozart were not, however, general enough at this period to support the expensive publication of a great score. And now came a matter tending more to embarrass opinion and involve the origin of the work in obscurity. A claim was put in by another hand to a share in the composition. A

* In the records preserved by Rochlitz of Mozart's conversations at Leipzig, amidst familiar friends, on his northern tour, about three years before his death, his attachment to the Catholic religion is strongly manifested. Had he lived to enter upon the office of Kapellmeister of St. Stephen, we should most probably have received from him a new collection of Masses with complete orchestral accompaniment.

see J. S. Dwight etc

musician in habits of intimacy with Mozart, and who assisted him in filling up the accompaniments of some of his later scores—a man named Süssmayer, who had accompanied him to Prague to perform this office for *La Clemenza di Tito*, which was dispatched in a fortnight—presented himself as the author of a part, from the *Sanctus* to the end. Unreasonable as these pretensions to some of the greatest beauties of the work appeared, from a composer known only by one obscure opera, called *The Mirror of Arcadia*, there was no one to contradict them. A work had been published complete, of which only two fragments of the score were known to exist in the composer's handwriting—one possessed by the Abbé Stadler, and the other by Eybler. Mozart's widow confirmed, according to the best of her recollection, the statement of Süssmayer, and believed that he completed the score of the *Requiem* which was delivered to the 'stranger,' and it must be pardoned in her, if, in her distracted condition respecting her husband, she was not very attentive to, or not very accurately informed respecting, his works.

The *Requiem* began to be known in England to musicians soon after the first introduction of *Don Giovanni*, when Mozart became an object of general curiosity and interest. It came over to us with its full quota of rumors. Mozart was believed to have died during the composition, and some, indulging their speculations on this head, would fain point out the chord at which the pen dropped from his hand. To confirm this idea of death having overtaken the composer at his task, we have been shown the last movement made out of the materials, and nearly a repetition of the opening—whence it was argued that a man so full of ideas would not have resorted to that expedient had he possessed his usual powers and free-will. But in this opinion a common habit of Mozart's of connecting the end with the beginning of compositions—since become of great authority in music—is overlooked. That this was done by him with deliberation and choice, we have since had proof.

No one in England gave credit to Süssmayer's claim to have composed the *Sanctus*. There were his words of assertion on the one side, and Mozart's notes to confront them on the other—an overwhelming evidence. Who could believe that the sublimity of the *Sanctus*, or the sweetness and elevation of the *Benedictus*—although this last is newly and most unusually scored—could have any origin but in the mind of Mozart? And yet there were Germans who until within these few years affected to believe the truth of Süssmayer, and to doubt the authenticity of the *Requiem* as a genuine work of Mozart, from the secular taste of the melody displayed in some of its movements—in the close of the *Tuba Mirum*, for example—for which it was affirmed that any other composer than Mozart would have received the castigation of criticism. The beginning of Handel's Funeral Anthem for *Queen Caroline*, as also the subject of a fugue from *Joshua*, were quoted to show that the subjects of the introduction and fugue were not quite original. There certainly is a slight—possibly an accidental similarity. While musicians were enjoying the beauties of the *Requiem*, the musical critics of Germany, with the late M. Gottfried Weber at their head, were engaged in a long profitless discussion concerning its genuineness, on which one little fact has since rendered all their reasonings nugatory. The discovery of a full score of the *Requiem*, in Mozart's handwriting, was notified in the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, No. 5, for Jan. 1839, with the promise of a dissertation on the same from Herr Hofrat von Mosel.* This fortunate event silenced all question as to its authenticity, and reduced the contention of those who would still dispute to a mere point of taste. It was one thing to maintain that the work was not genuine, because no complete score existed—another to contend that Mozart had failed in parts confessed to have been written by him. A secular character in some of the melodies was chiefly blamed; and, by implication, Beethoven even seems to cast a slur on this

work, when, in writing to Cherubini, he observes, that should he compose a *Requiem*, his design of composition would be the one he should adopt. That Cherubini's *Requiem*, founded on the old church music, is more gothic, passionless, and ecclesiastical, cannot be denied—but this same quality, in as far as it is imitative, rendering the work rather one of combination and study than of original power, detracts from its merit. Productions in Art take their standing through the force of invention which gave them birth; whatever has been once magnificently done cannot be repeated, and all works formed on acknowledged models and styles bear a feeble existence.

Let us, in endeavouring to appreciate the *Requiem*, try to approach it from the composer's point of view. That the models of the severe church style are here in part superseded, is at once confessed. To have kept within the limits of custom and authority, would have been to have surrendered the opportunity; and, as all the later productions of Mozart—operas, symphonies, &c., are memorable commencement in different styles of music, in which he, as pioneer of the art, opened paths of unexplored novelty and effect, he was naturally desirous to carry this on into church music. All his boyish studies in fugue and canon—all that art of counterpoint which had been growing stronger in him from year to year at Vienna, but which only broke out occasionally in his operas, being there held in subjection to melody and dramatic effect—flourished in the *Requiem* as in a fitting soil. Handel's art of double counterpoint is even outdone; we have the same depth of learning—the same elaborate contrivance, with more refinement and effect. As a fugal writer, Mozart was by nature so strong, that, had he lived in the time of Sebastian Bach, he might have been his rival. His part writing shows the natural clearness of his mind, and profound insight into the problems of harmony. He knew his strength, and rejoiced in it.

At Vienna, Van Swieten and other patrons of Mozart carried the taste for Handel and Bach's counterpoint to the court; and the writings of Mozart at this period were greatly modified and influenced by these scientific predilections. He quitted now the method he had pursued in his Salzburg Masses, and sought out subjects which could be treated in double fugue, and inverted above or below according to the received methods. His first sacred production written at Vienna, *Davidde Penitente*, exhibits this change, and the ascendancy of learned counterpoint. The opening chorus, if we remember, has subjects which invert three several times, and there is one due wholly in canon.

The contrapuntal and profoundly scientific forms of the movements of the *Requiem* form a very striking feature of that production. Had these, however, exhibited merely new combinations of the old art of counterpoint, they would not have satisfied Mozart. He blended the severe old style with what was new and beautiful in the art of modern times, and made both in the highest degree subservient to expression. The melodies are so flowing and so natural, even when they move in canon, that the ear is unconscious of the restraint of rule. Hundreds receive delight from the symmetry, which they perceive in the construction of the movements of the *Requiem*, who cannot trace the cause of their pleasure in the scientific forms of composition employed. One of the most wonderful qualities of Mozart's mind was certainly his power of fusion. He could melt the old into the new—he could be Handel or Bach at will, and show his own lineaments blended with theirs. The peculiar instrumentation of the *Requiem*, in which solemn and sombre wind instruments alone are used, affords another interesting aspect of the science of the composer. But science and taste in combination merely contribute towards the poetical design. The *Requiem* may be considered as a kind of tragic drama, the action and scenery of which are left to the imagination. It combines the old church music, with the dramatic effect of the serious opera, and has introduced into music a perfectly new creation.

* See Journal of Music, No. 10, Vol. IX., for this dissertation.

(Continued from page 114.)

Characters of Musical Instruments.

(Gleaned from HECTOR BERLIOZ.)

THE CLARINET.

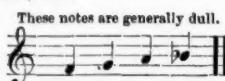
Simple reed instruments, such as the clarinet, and the corno di bassetto, form a family, whose connection with that of the hautboy, is not so near as might be thought. That which distinguishes it especially, is the nature of its sound. The middle notes of the clarinet are more limpid, more full, more pure than those of *double reed* instruments, the sound of which is never exempt from a certain tartness or harshness, more or less concealed by the player's skill. The high sounds of the last octave, commencing with the C above the staff, partake only a little of the tartness of the hautboy's loud sounds; while the character of the lower sounds approach, by the roughness of their vibrations, to that of certain notes on the bassoon.

Four registers are reckoned on the clarinet: the low, the chalumeau, the medium, and the high.

The first comprises this part of the scale:



The second, this:



The third contains the following notes:—



And the fourth is found in the remainder of the scale up to the highest D.

The small clarinet in F (high), which was formerly employed in military music, has been almost abandoned for that in E♭, which is found, and with reason, to be less screamy, and quite sufficient for the keys ordinarily used in wind instrument pieces. Clarinets have proportionally less purity, sweetness, and clearness, as their key is more and more removed above that of B♭, which is one of the finest on the instrument. The clarinet in C is harder than that in B♭, and its voice has much less charm. The small clarinet in E♭ has piercing tones, which it is very easy to render mean, beginning from the A above the staff. Accordingly it has been employed, in a modern symphony, in order to parody, degrade, and blackguardize (if I may be pardoned the expression) a melody; the dramatic intention of the work requiring this strange transformation. The small clarinet in F has a still more marked tendency of the same kind. In proportion as the instrument becomes lower, on the contrary, it produces sounds more veiled and more melancholy.

It has been said that the clarinet has four registers; each of these registers has also a distinct quality of tone. That of the high register is somewhat tearing, which should be used only in the fortissimo of the orchestra (some very high notes may nevertheless be sustained *piano*, when the effect of the sound has been properly prepared); or in the bold passages of a brilliant solo. Those of the chalumeau and medium registers are suited to melodies, to arpeggios, and to smooth passages; and the low register is appropriate—particularly in the holding notes—to those coldly threatening effects, those dark accents of motionless rage, which Weber so ingeniously invented. If it be desired to employ with salient effect those piercing cries of the extreme upper notes, and if it be dreaded for the performer a too sudden advent of the dangerous note, this introduction of the clarinet should be hidden beneath a loud chord from the whole of the orchestra; which,—interrupting itself the moment the sound has had time to settle firmly and become clear,—leaves it then fully displayed without danger.

The character of the sounds of the medium

register, imbued with a kind of loftiness tempering a noble tenderness, renders them favorable for the expression of sentiments and ideas the most poetic. A frivolous gaiety, and even an artless joy, seem alone unsuited to them. The clarinet is little appropriate to the *Idyl*; it is an *epic* instrument, like horns, trumpets, and trombones. Its voice is that of heroic love: and if masses of brass instruments, in grand military symphonies, awaken the idea of a warlike troop covered with glittering armour marching to glory or death, numerous unisons of clarinets, heard at the same time, seem to represent the beloved women, the loving heroines, with their proud eyes, and deep affection, whom the sound of arms exalts; who sing while fighting, and who crown the victors, or die with the defeated. I have never been able to hear military music from afar, without being profoundly moved by that feminine quality of tone in the clarinets, and struck by images of this nature, as after the perusal of ancient epic poems. This beautiful soprano instrument, so ringing, so rich in penetrating accents, when employed in masses, —gains, as a solo, in delicacy, evanescent shadowings, and mysterious tenderness, what it loses in force and powerful brilliancy. Nothing so virginal, so pure, as the tint imparted to certain melodies by the tone of a clarinet played in the *medium* by a skilful performer.

It is the one of all the wind instruments, which can best breathe forth, swell, diminish, and die away its sound. Thence the precious faculty of producing *distance*, echo, an echo of *echo*, and a *twilight* sound. What more admirable example could I quote of the application of some of these shadowings, than the dreamy phrase of the clarinet, accompanied by a tremolo of stringed instruments, in the midst of the Allegro of the overture to *Freischütz!* Does it not depict the lonely maiden, the forester's fair betrothed, who, raising her eyes to heaven, minglest her tender lament with the noise of the dark woods agitated by the storm? —O Weber!

Beethoven, bearing in mind the melancholy and noble character of the melody in *A* major of the immortal *Andante* in his 7th Symphony, and in order the better to render all, that this phrase contains at the same time of passionate regret, has not failed to consign it to the medium of the clarinet. Gluck, for the ritornello of Alceste's air, "Ah, malgré moi, &c.", had at first written a flute; but perceiving, doubtless, that the quality of tone of this instrument was too weak, and lacked the nobleness necessary to the delivery of a theme imbued with so much desolation and mournful grandeur, gave it to the clarinet. It is still the clarinets which play simultaneously with the voice, that other air of Alceste replete with sorrowful resignation, "Ah, divinités implacables."

An effect of another kind results from three slow notes of the clarinets in thirds in the air of *Cédipus*, "Votre cour devint mon azile." It is after the conclusion of the theme, that Polynice, before beginning his air, turns towards the daughter of Theseus, and adds, as he looks at her, "Je connus, &c." These two clarinets in thirds, descending softly previous to the commencement of the voice part, at the moment when the two lovers interchange a tender regard, have an excellent dramatic meaning, and produce an exquisite musical result. The two instrumental voices are here an emblem of love and purity. One fancies, in listening to them, that one beholds Eryphile modestly casting down her eyes. It is admirable!

Neither Sacchini, nor Gluck, nor any of the great masters of that time availed themselves of the low notes of the instrument. I cannot guess the reason. Mozart appears to be the first who brought them into use, for accompaniments of a serious character such as that of the trio of masks, in *Don Giovanni*. It was reserved for Weber to discover all that there is of terrible in the quality of tone of these low sounds, when employed in sustaining sinister harmonies. It is better, in such a case, to write them in two parts, than to place the clarinets in unison or in octave. The more, then, that the notes of the harmony are numerous, the more striking will be the effect.

THE BASS CLARINET.

Lower still than the preceding, is an octave below the clarinet in *B♭*; there is another in *C*, however (an octave below the clarinet in *C*); but that in *B♭* is much more usual. As it is always the same instrument,—constructed on larger dimensions,—as the ordinary clarinet, its compass remains much the same. Its reed is a little weaker and more covered than that of the other clarinets. The bass clarinet is evidently not destined to replace in the upper notes the high clarinets; but, certainly, to extend their compass below. Nevertheless, very beautiful effects result from doubling, in the octave below, the high notes of the *B♭* clarinet, by a bass clarinet.

According to the manner of writing it, and the talent of the performer, this instrument may borrow that wild quality of tone which distinguishes the bass notes of the ordinary clarinet, or that calm, solemn, and sacerdotal accent belonging to certain registers of the organ. It is therefore of frequent and fine application; and moreover, if four or five be employed in unison, it gives a rich, excellent sonorosity to the orchestral bases of the wind instruments.

THE CORNO DI BASSETTO.

Would no otherwise differ from the alto clarinet in *F* (*low*) than by the little brass bell mouth which elongates its lower extremity, were it not that it has besides the faculty of descending chromatically as far as the *C*, a third below the lowest note of the clarinet.

Like those of the bass-clarinet, the low notes of the corno di bassetto are the finest and the most marked in character.

Mozart has used this fine instrument in two parts for darkening the coloring of his harmonies in his *Requiem*; and has assigned to it some important solos in his opera of *La Clemenza di Tito*.

[To be continued.]

A Protest against Bad Manners.

To the Editor of the New York Tribune:

Sir—I am a quiet, middle-aged person, with a love of music, but of late I have kept away from the Philharmonic Concerts on account of the difficulty of quietly enjoying the excellent entertainment offered there. On Saturday night, however, having heard that efforts would be made to preserve order, I went again. The crowd was great, and I was glad to see it; such concerts ought to draw together a multitude. But I am sorry to say that the behavior of the people in the vicinity of the seat where ill fortune placed me was quite indecent. A group of young men and women, dressed expensively, and, to all appearance, supposing themselves to belong to good society, persisted in chattering aloud or in noisy whispers during the performance. Every one near them was disturbed, and an indignant gentleman, who seemed to be a foreigner, angrily hissed at them once or twice, which for a moment arrested their ill behavior. What they deserved was, to be taken at once to the Police Station and punished in a way to teach them better. For one, I can't conceive of worse breeding than is manifested by a great proportion of our young New Yorkers of both sexes on such occasions. Silly, noisy, impudent and careless of others, they are only fit to be shut up in barrels, as Carlyle recommends for such nuisances, or spanked and sent to bed. The door-keepers of places of public amusement should never allow them to enter, or there should be a sufficient police force present to make them conduct properly. The worst manners I ever suffered from I have had to endure at the Philharmonic Concerts and at the opera, from people who plume themselves on their gentility, and yet take the very time when a piece of music is being performed which everybody wants to hear, to talk and laugh in a way to disturb and provoke all within the sound of their voices. If they go to these places merely because it is fashionable, can't they at least have the decency to keep still while those who go for the music are listening to it? Your obedient servant,

AN INDIGNANT AMATEUR.

Mozart and Wagner.

From Mr. FRY's criticism in the *Tribune* on the last New York Philharmonic concert we copy the following characteristic observations:

The first piece last night was Mozart's symphony, called *Jupiter*. The dominant good sense and good taste of the composer are shown in this work. His Italian vocal studies—his melodic training in setting music to Italian metres, which every composer must do in a thousand ways to arrive at the ineffable grace of the school, and the only school of singing, whether of the voice or its mimic, the orchestra—these all are beautifully displayed in this so-called Jupiter symphony. To the aspirant for musical reputation as composers in this country, we would give a word of advice, as we receive in the course of the year evidences of the awakening talent in that direction. We would say, if they wish to arrive at the mode of constructing musical phrases, of making a vocal statement, whether for the singer or for a performer on an instrument, let them study the Italian school of vocalit, as exhibited in the most successful writers, whether for voices or instruments. Thalberg said to us the other day: "As a beginning for playing the piano and composing, I studied Italian singing for five years." It is the want of this vocal training, and the want of a transcendental acquaintance with the manner in which Italian poetry determines the graceful, uninterrupted flow of vocal melody by reason of its syllabification, its cesural pauses, and its metrical softness, which makes the average compositions for voices and instruments so stiff and disjointed. But Mozart, trained in writing operas to Italian words, had probed this secret of melodic continuity, and possessed it in a perfection, or with an unbroken certainty and habit not found in the most original, and to us greatest purely German dramatic composer, Von Weber, and still less in the operatic work of Beethoven, *Fidelio*, or in his Mass. This want of lovely flowing melody is felt in the latest expression of the German school, and of its precursor, the French school, of which the great instrumentalist and orchestrator, Hector Berlioz, is the acknowledged chief. As for pooh-poohing down the claims, the aspirations, or even the short-comings of such men as Wagner, Berlioz and others, it is simply ridiculous. They are delvers and divers for pearls beneath the surface, and good comes of such daring; but they are on a wrong track, so far as they neglect the spontaneity of melody. The composer should respect his once child-like aspirations—the early times when a love-melody made him reach the empyrean of ecstasy, and find therein that one of the highest, if not the highest, element of music is the sensuous, or the erotic principle. The Greeks understood it when they made Apollo—the procreant sun—the god of music. Now music is to be intellectual. Mercury, the god of mathematicians as well as thieves, is enthroned as the deity. "Intellectual music," so called, is vaunted above the diamonds of melody, the heart's first gush of lyrical joy and affection. In this under-estimate of the superior claim of melody we are reminded of the fable of the fox without a tail; no composer who can make a melody refrains from doing so. The alliance of the most beautiful melody with the most romantic, unearthly, spiritual, religious, or what-not expression, is not only perfectly compatible, but gives us a special interest. Weber has proved it.

The instrumental pieces performed on Saturday evening, Mozart's Symphony and Wagner's Overture to "Faust," were in strong contrast, as representatives of the old and new schools. The new school must connect more of the beautiful with its emotional aspirations, if it wishes to be popular. People will like, for example, the smoothly fluent and continuously wrought-out slow movement of Mozart's "Jupiter" in preference to the wild unrest and calculated melodic phrases—melodies we cannot call them—of Wagner. A melody worth the name can be utterly dissociated from chords or instrumental accompaniment, and be sung and remembered; and we find nothing of the kind in the newly-imported

pieces the Philharmonic Society gives us. Hence such pieces will not please a fresh, true ear for music, though they may one which is jaded, blasé, calculating. In speaking thus, we do not wish to be understood as warring against the new school, or as considering the old inimitably fine. But if musical composition take any direction in this country, it should steer clear of fanaticism for either. At present, however, there is no danger of any polemical war on the subject such as has raged in Germany; for we will do our public the justice to say, that they are absolutely indifferent to all artistic discussion of this kind.

The New Organ in the Minster at Ulm.

(Translated from the Niederrheinische Musik Zeitung.)

The long-desired moment when the organ in the Minster should be completed, has arrived. Walcker, of Ludwigsburg, the celebrated organ-builder, delivered it into the hands of the authorities of the *Kirchenstiftung* for trial, and on the 12th of October it was solemnly consecrated. This organ, one of the largest ever built, boasted of a long history before it was even completed. Walcker's first plan and estimate date as far back as the year 1838. About the end of 1845, he prepared a third plan for 80 registers, the price of which he calculated at 23,000 florins. In the beginning of 1846, he sent in his fourth scheme, with 94 registers, at an estimated cost of 28,000 florins; this was adopted, but the deliberations concerning the location of the instrument lasted so long, that it was not until the 30th November, 1848, that a definite resolution was adopted, and the agreement with Walcker finally signed, on the 11th January, 1849. The period between the 22nd January and the 17th March, 1849, was employed in removing the old organ, with its substructure, the foundation of the new superstructure being commenced on the 26th August, 1850. In the Month of May, 1854, Walcker was enabled to begin the erection of the new organ, and in September, 1856, it was finished; it took, consequently, two years and four months to erect it, while from the signing of the contract to the consecration of the organ seven years and nine months elapsed. The instrument has four manuals and two pedals, in all ninety-four sounding voices, with 6,286 pipes, eighteen pairs of bellows, &c. All the technical improvements calculated to raise the work to the highest excellence in organ building have been introduced; and, which is the principal feature, the endless and rich variety of voices and keys is united to such purity and beauty, that the builder has really raised himself, in this work, a lasting monument. On the 13th October, a concert of organ music was given to inaugurate the instrument. In obedience to the public invitation of the consistory, several hundred people streamed in from the adjacent country, and even from the most remote districts, to hear the organ. All were on the tiptoe of expectation, but few were satisfied. We will not take into consideration temporary drawbacks, but there is in the organ itself one defect, which was first noticed by the assembled crowd, and which is attended with irremediable disadvantages. Its position was, from the moment of its selection, condemned in an architectural point of view, but was defended on acoustic reasons; but it is now evident that the latter are false. The organ can only be seen jammed in between the pillars of the tower, and being covered by the profile projection of the large arch between the space under the tower and the middle aisle, is not exhibited at any one point as a whole. Its sound is also considerably obstructed and thrown back by the *res-sault* of the arch, for acoustic and cataphonic laws are, in this instance, nearly allied. In addition to this, the masses of finer tones, which are situated behind the foremost large pipes, cannot be developed to their full value for the ear of the persons listening below in the church, or be fully appreciated: they are weighed down by the objects around them. These disadvantages, inseparable from the position and arrangements of the organ, and which the builder, by the raising of the eighty registers as at first projected, to nine-

ty-four, himself admitted and endeavored partially to obviate, it was his duty, by the choice of some other site, to avoid. It remains a matter of doubt whether his work, in other respects so artistic, does not, in its present position, suffer so much from the currents of air and the temperature, that a considerable portion of the expenses incurred will be thrown away.—*Lond. Mus. World.*

Musical Correspondence.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Jan. 13.—At the suggestion of certain persons, a few of our best amateurs gave a concert at the North Church for the benefit of the funds of that society. The programme comprised selections from Haydn's third Mass, "Stabat Mater," "Moses in Egypt," and sundry light operas. For the benefit of the audience and the singers, a stage was built in front of the pulpit.

The concert opened with an organ voluntary by Mr. FITZHUGH, director. It was rather rough in execution, having none of those delicate shadings which an organ under skilful hands can give to any extempore performance. For loud organ playing a fugue is more to be preferred than a piano-forte fantasia, executed with all the registers and couplers drawn!

The principal solos were taken by Miss HELEN PENNIMANN and Mrs. WELLS; they were charmingly sung, and showed the culture and taste of both performers. The choruses were not quite in time, those from the third Mass in particular. A few more rehearsals would have benefited them.

A duet on themes from *Belisario*, for two pianos, performed by Mr. Fitzhugh and sister, was an excellent affair, though we do not think that the selection was at all appropriate to the sanctity of the place over which they were played.

The concert was a success; some \$300 or more were raised. The church was well filled with a delighted audience, though my friend Jones remarked, as we were returning to our lodgings, that "some of the old fogies stayed away because they thought if the singers began to desecrate the pulpit with operatic performances without a rebuke from them, the purity of the place would soon be gone."

It is a fact that, though advertised to be a sacred concert, all the solos were from light operas, such as *La Favorita*, etc. Not a single gem from the "Messiah," "Creation," or "Elijah."

In my last I promised to give you some account of the doings of the musical portion of our citizens. We have a very flourishing society, bearing the name of "Springfield Musical Institute." Mr. EDWARD INGERSOLL, President, T. G. SHAW musical director and leader, ALBERT ALLIN, pianist. The society contemplates giving a concert very soon. It has in active rehearsal such choruses as "The heavens are telling," "Glory to God," (Messiah) etc. and under the admirable leadership of Mr. Shaw is making rapid progress. The old "Philharmonic" orchestra disbanded some months ago, on account of reasons best known to themselves; a few of them, however, still rehearse together, and will furnish instrumental accompaniment to some of the choruses at the concert of the Institute. More anon.

AD LIBITUM.

HARTFORD, Jan. 10.—It is not unfrequently complained that the American people have very little musical taste and appreciation as compared with those of other lands; but it is a consolation that they are all the while rapidly progressing in their love for the beautiful art.

In this thrifty little city we have had of late substantial evidence of this in the erection of two fine organs, concerning which I propose to give you a short sketch. The first has just been erected, in and for the Pearl Street Church, of this city, by Henry

Erben, of New York. The instrument has 3 manuals, each extending from CC to G³, and also 27 pedal keys, and registers some 50 stops. The swell organ extends through its entire manual. This instrument has been pronounced by musicians in New York, familiar with Mr. Erben's organs to be superior to anything he has before produced. It was admirably exhibited by Wm. A. King on its erection.

A much greater curiosity than this, however, is the immense parlor organ recently erected for Mr. J. C. Cady, of this place, by Richard M. Ferris & Co., of New York. It is the largest parlor organ ever owned or built in this country, and has two manuals of five complete octaves each, from CC to C⁴ in the altissimo, 27 pedal keys, and registers thirty stops, as follows:

<i>Great Organ.</i>	
1. Open Diapason.	17. Violiana.
2. Viol d' Amour.	18. Fifteenth.
3. Melodia.	19. Cornet.
4. Stop Diapason, Bass.	20. Hautboy.
5. Stop Diapason, Ten.	<i>Swell Bass.</i>
6. Principal.	21. Bourdon—16 ft.
7. Rohr Flute.	22. Dulciana—metal 8 ft.
8. Twelfth.	<i>Pedals.</i>
9. Fifteenth.	23. Sub-bass—16 ft.
10. Clarinet.	<i>Couplers, &c.</i>
11. Bassoon.	24. Great and Swell.
12. Trumpet.	25. Great and Swell 8va.
13. Bourdon.	26. Pedals and Great.
14. Open Diapason.	27. Pedals and Swell.
15. Stopped Diapason.	28. Pedals at octaves.
16. Dulciana.	29. Pedal Check.
	30. Tremula.

The swell box includes the pipes connected with the upper manual from tenor C upwards.

The stops of this instrument are charmingly voiced, many of them exceeding in delicacy anything of the kind I have ever heard; and what is noticeable, every stop is remarkably characteristic, evincing excellent taste and judgment. The various stops are also so finely balanced that the listener does not hear one part above and distinguished from the rest, but all blend together, forming one full, rich, resonant, and compact body of sound. The mechanism of the instrument is of as choice material and workmanship as the finest piano-forte; the action works easily and perfectly noiselessly. This organ cost about \$2,500, and nobody doubts but that Mr. Cady has received the full value of his money. It certainly must be a very pleasure-yielding investment.

Yours, &c., DIAPASON.

NEW YORK, Jan. 13.—The second PHILHARMONIC Concert, on Saturday last, was full as crowded as the first. In fact, almost immediately after the doors were opened; the house presented quite a respectable appearance. The orchestral pieces were MOZART'S C major Symphony, WAGNER'S Overture to "Faust," and another by SCHINDLERMEISER, to Gutzkow's drama of "Uriel Acosta." The "Jupiter" Symphony was exceedingly well performed, and seemed more beautiful than ever to me on this occasion, from the preparatory study of it which I had enjoyed at the rehearsals and the piano. I never before thoroughly understood or appreciated either the Andante or the Finale (that masterpiece of fuguing,) in all their parts.

You have yourself spared me the task of saying anything to characterize the "Faust" Overture by your analysis of it in your last number. Yet my opinion differs slightly from yours, inasmuch as I do not yet know exactly what to make of this work of "The Future," and can hardly tell whether I like it or not, in spite of having heard it more frequently than you. The three first hearings, however, can hardly be counted, for the composition is so immensely difficult, that it was most tantalizingly broken up at all but the last rehearsal. One could recognize Wagner throughout in those upward flights of the violins, the peculiar modulations and strange, startling harmonies, and now and then a snatch of melody was very beautiful; but the impression I have received is still too disconnected to be very

firm and deep. I hardly think this work will ever be as popular as the *Tannhäuser* overture. Schindelmeisser's musical preface to "Uriel Acosta" is very finely instrumented and full of pleasing melodies, but without great depth. Did space admit of it, I would send you the synopsis of it which was distributed with the programmes; yet, unless you were to hear the music, it would hardly interest you. Mme. JOHANSEN, (or SCHEERER-JOHANSEN, as she now calls herself, having got married since her arrival in this country) sang the "Non più di fiore," from Mozart's *Titus*, an exquisite thing, and a bravura aria by Pacini, in which latter she was encored. This lady has a very fine, sympathetic voice; and though I cannot exactly admire her school, I think her the best German opera singer we have ever had here. The remaining two numbers presented the name of Mr. GOTTSCHALK. He first played a movement of HENSELT's grand Concerto in F minor for piano and orchestra—an extremely difficult, but not proportionately pleasing *cheval de bataille* for his instrument. Its effect was, however, spoilt by the orchestra playing too loudly for the piano, and Mr. Gottschalk not loudly enough for the house. His second piece was one of his inevitable own compositions, a "Moreau de Concert," on themes from *Il Trovatore*, for two pianos, in which he was most ably sustained by a young brother pianist, Mr. EMILE GUYON, who has just entered upon our musical world, and whose very unassuming demeanor must have won him the favorable notice of many listeners. Gottschalk played with wonderful execution, as he always does. Whenever I hear him I regret anew that such high powers should be thrown away upon the music (music indeed!) to which he almost entirely confines himself.

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BALTIMORE, Jan. 12.—Prof. ALLEN'S Soirée, the third in order, came off last Monday week, and the following is the programme :

PART I.

1. Overture, "Figaro,".....Mozart
2. Solo Alto : Horn Obligato,
3. Piano Solo : *a.* "Danse des Sylphes," Godfroid.
4. Bass Solo : "I praise," &c., and chorus, St. Paul,.....Mendelssohn.

PART II.

1. Quintet, Part 1st,.....Mendelssohn.
2. Quartet,.....Rigoletti.
3. Quintet, Part 3rd,.....Mendelssohn.
4. Alma Virgo ; Solo and Chorus,.....Hummel.

I have learned that the "tinsel clink of compliment" is light coin to those most deserving of it, and therefore I avoid bestowing praise where it is so justly due, the more readily, as the affair is considered rather "private and confidential," and the performers, being mostly amateurs, have the good taste to value music more than praise. I assure you it is truly refreshing to meet such a company of devoted, conscientious musicians; and, *confidentially*, their performance would do honor to those of more pretensions.

There was much good music in the churches here on Christmas day, which I was prevented from hearing. At the Cathedral BEETHOVEN'S Mass in C was sung with full orchestra.

PARODI and her company appeared at the Assembly Rooms Friday evening; quite a thin and cool audience welcomed them. One must forgo seeing to in any degree enjoy Parodi's singing; her grimaces are frightful. TIBERINI was well received; he looked the sentimental and ogled the girls disgustingly. Little PAUL (though in long coat) continues to delight all with his magical tones.

I hear rumors of an Italian Opera in Baltimore—LAGRANGE, &c. 'Tis most too good to be true, though Baltimore is good game, and a few representations at a high figure pay well.

TRUMPET.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 17, 1857.

M. Thalberg's Concerts.

The second concert (Thursday evening, Jan. 8) was about as fully attended as the first. It seems at first a strange sight to see two or three thousand people gathered for a piano-forte concert. Celebrity and novelty still carry the day, reversing the intrinsic order; Thalberg fills the Music Hall, while orchestra and symphony shrink to the measure of the Melodeon. We do not complain, for it is worth one's while to witness for once the best of its kind. And Thalberg, if we mistake not, has given us all a new idea of possible perfection in executive art, besides enabling us to judge fairly and allow full weight to a certain brilliant, ornamental school of composition, which has occupied a large share of public attention since he called it into being, and set all the young pianists on a chase after its Jack-o'-lantern glory.

Mr. Thalberg's selections this time, as before, were chiefly in his own peculiar form of music—the Fantasia on operatic themes, and enabled us to appreciate more closely this his speciality as a composer. Thalberg is emphatically a pianist. His music is the joint product of the piano and of Thalberg. To his pianism, his playing, as the perfection of executive art, we confined ourselves almost exclusively in our notice of the first concert. Now a few words of the way in which his instrument and he have as it were grown up and developed naturally and together; that is to say, of his compositions, by which is to be understood first of all his operatic Fantasias. We fancy to ourselves the first germ of his art in the boy's love of the tones of the piano. We fancy in him, too, a natural sense of beauty in the sphere of sound, of euphony, as well as of symmetry and elegance of form, fine appreciation of accent, &c.; in short, all that leads one to cultivate and refine upon the purely sensuous charm of music. Add, too, an Italian's love of melody, more, however, for the grace than for the passion thereof. He lays his ear closely, fondly to his instrument, this cabinet of hidden tones; he woos its keys with gentle or fierce touch, and draws from it and builds out from it all that it can do towards illustrating with utmost euphony and utmost wealth and brilliancy of ornament, such musical themes—say melodies—as impress themselves most strongly on his own musical temperament and please the general ear. For so far as he has a theory, it is that the aim of music is to *please*; one scarcely fancies his young soul as big with swelling thoughts and aspirations, like a young Beethoven, which must find utterance through or in spite of the best instrument that comes to hand. To make a music which should illustrate the possibilities of the piano, in a way to strike and astonish, but above all to please the general ear of music lovers, was the end for which he wrought. To weave into a beautiful, symmetrical, extraordinary arabesque of tone all the melodic passages and figures, the Aurora Borealis flâme-gauze arpeggios, the wide-spread harmonies, the almost orchestrally broad combinations, the wind-like sweeps and swells, the rushing, surging basses, and Æolian tremolos, which he had reduced in detail

to such certainty of precise manipulation; to construct all these technical feats into a pleasing and connected artistic whole, as dancers weave their *pas* into some Ballet of more or less poetic significance: this seems to have been the end and motive of the operatic Fantasias.

Now this is a very different genesis, a very different method from that whereby the master-works of musical genius have commonly been created. It is not in fact the method of inspired creative genius. It is not the method of a soul teeming with inspired musical ideas, which it proceeds with devout earnest, and yet with a young Bacchus joy to develop from within, by their intrinsic logic and the grace of sympathizing gods, until the necessity for utterance is satisfied in a complete, vital, glowing work of Art. How different this Fantasia from a Sonata or Symphony, or even from the freer tone-poems of a Chopin! How different from all the forms that had been held classic! (And yet it is not so much the form as it is the inspiration, that makes a work classic; though inspiration necessarily leaves organic beauties as the record of its visit, and hence *classical forms*, imitated afterwards *without inspiration*.) They are essentially *virtuoso* compositions—music written for the player and his instrument. The nearest stepping-stone afforded to it in the old classical forms was in the Concerto, in which the display of the performer was made an end, as well as the expression of a thought. We shall see below how Thalberg himself has marked and signalized this stepping-stone in his performance of a Beethoven Concerto.

Enough here to point out this difference. And now let us own that, after hearing Thalberg himself play them, these Fantasias do seem to us a much more genuine thing than formerly; under his hands they justify themselves. Perhaps it would be not far from the truth to say that they are "compositions" in somewhat the same sense that we speak of ornamental compositions in the arts of pictorial design. These luxuriate in a certain freedom of technical execution, yet preserve a unity and symmetry throughout; and while their end is ornament, they yet admit of almost unlimited richness, variety and beauty of invention. They may show feeling, soul withal; though sense of beauty and ingenious calculation are the main ingredients. Always a subordinate branch of Art, compared with a great painting, statue, or architectural monument, but yet legitimately Art. So the Thalberg Fantasia in music. The arabesque designer chooses a figure to work up and multiply and vary through infinity of changes. So the pianist takes a well known theme, a melody, for principal figure and subject in his complex musical pattern. He preludes to it by cunning and insensible approaches, charming the ear by what seems a delicate *impromptu* of his own, in which he hints ever and anon the coming theme, catches the shine of its coming afar off, sports with the piano (as if for the satisfaction of the fingers,) and with the latent theme at the same time, or lets the fingers run awhile their own way, knowing how to recall them gracefully and aptly as the business approaches. Then comes the theme, a vocal melody perhaps from *Norma* or *Lucia*, or sometimes a concerted movement, a whole scena. The voice (or voices) sings itself firmly, clearly and connectedly in the

middle of the instrument (the thumbs taking much of this duty on themselves), while the harmonic foundation is laid out broadly below, and the other fingers of the right hand are free to weave in and over all a web of delicate and flowery embellishments. Then come variations and transformations, and new forms of illustration and embellishment; perhaps also some more illustrations out of the same opera; and then one of these themes is made the ornament and covering to another, which takes turn as principal. The whole grows onward with a remarkable unity and symmetry; there are splendid climaxes of gathering force, great basses rolling up and breaking in bright treble showers of diamonds, &c., and broad harmonies spread out underneath to lift all up and make what is delicate seem all the airier, and so forth, and so forth:—why describe what is so familiar to our readers? What strikes you in these compositions of Thalberg, apart from the playing, is first a certain winning grace and delicacy in the preluding and connecting parts, in which he discloses a vein of his own, a something that is peculiarly Thalberg, an atmosphere breathed over all from his own mind, and which you recognize again in those smaller works of his which are more purely his own compositions, like his *Andante*, his *Etudes*, &c. Secondly the distinctness and expressive personality with which the theme stands out the whole time,* wearing the dress for fuller self-assertion, and not obscured or smothered in it, or made ludicrous. Thirdly, the grace and splendor of the ornamentation. Then the all-pervading taste and sense of fitness everywhere, making beauty paramount and miracle subordinate, though clearly present. And finally the symmetry, the architectural balance and completeness of the whole work. This is what it is, and what we are compelled to enjoy in it, without asking ourselves what it is not, and whether it can satisfy the passion for undying beauty that torments deep natures. Go to Beethoven for that. Accept this in its way—until you shall grow tired of it.

Mr. Thalberg's Fantasias, however, are not equal in point of unity. This time he played his "Sonnambula," his "Don Giovanni," and his "Lucrezia Borgia." The first was a charming abstract of the spirit of Bellini's opera. The second was wonderful for the treatment of the selected themes, the Minuet and the Serenade, the latter of which was given with the accompanying orchestral melody, and a wealth of illustrating, recalling all that passes on the stage, while each part keeps itself marvellously distinct and sets the other in a clearer light. It was the perfection of clear statement. But the long introductory portion of the Fantasia was not at all in the Don Juan vein; we should sooner have expected a theme from Weber's "Oberon" after it. The "Lucrezia Borgia" is one of his grandest, working up the well-known Trio with a superb climax.

But more than with the Fantasias, were we charmed with Thalberg's *Tarantella*, the marvellous rapidity, delicacy and delirious ecstasy of which, as he plays it, surpassed all the Tarantellas we have heard. Will he not some night let us hear some of his *Nocturnes* and *Etudes*; and especially his *Andante* (just published by

Russell and Richardson), or his *Andante Tremolo*—compositions to which we own a partiality. There is a certain grace and flavor to these little things of Thalberg's own, which, though not indicating a great creative genius, yet place him amongst the minor poets of the piano.

We must say a few words of the singing at this concert. Mme. D'ANGRI confirmed the impression of her exceedingly rich and powerful contralto, and of her rare execution as a genuine Rossini singer. Her middle voice is certainly one of the most beautiful we ever heard. The very low tones gain in roundness as we hear her, but we are not partial to them. The high notes sound hard and common. Her greatest triumph was again in *Nor più mesta*. In the duet from "The Barber," her first tones: *Dunque io sono*, &c., were delicious, and the whole was charmingly sung and acted. Sig. MORELLI too supplied the Figaro with fine tact and effect. D'Angri sang also an air from "Betty," and the *Brindisi* from *Lucrezia*; the latter in a dashing and voluptuous style, which stirred up most listeners, but not with that truth to the melody or fine poetic fervor which we could desire, if we desired anything just now of so hacknied an affair.

THIRD CONCERT (Saturday evening, Jan. 10.) There was no question this time, as there was the previous Saturday, between THALBERG and BEETHOVEN; for we had them both united. The mountain came to Mahomet; Mr. ZERRAHN and all his orchestra to the great pianist, helping him to bring out one of Beethoven's Concertos, besides contributing of their best stored purely orchestral. And they seemed inspired to do their best. All did their best; the programme was uncommonly good, the Music Hall crowded, the audience enthusiastic (far more than at the first two concerts), and altogether there was left the impression of a most delightful concert. We must record the programme:

PART I.

- Overture: *Der Freyschütz*,.....Weber
Orchestra of the Philharmonic Concerts.
- Aria : *Semiramus*,.....Rossini
Mme. D'Angri.
- Concerto in C minor,.....Beethoven
S. Thalberg.
- "Batti, Batti," *Don Giovanni*,.....Mozart
Mme. D'Angri.
- Andante* of Fourth Symphony,.....Beethoven

PART II.

- Overture: *William Tell*,.....Rossini
- Voi che sapete, *Marriage of Figaro*,.....Mozart
Mme. D'Angri.
- Fantasia: *Prayer of Moses*,.....Thalberg
S. Thalberg.
- Rondo: *Cenerentola*,.....Rossini
Mme. D'Angri.
- Fantasia: *Masaniello*,.....Thalberg
S. Thalberg.
- March: *Le Prophète*,.....Meyerbeer

The orchestra sounded better in the Music Hall than in the Melodeon, the sounds being better fused and softened, without loss of resonance or freshness. And yet, as before, one felt the need of more seconds and violas to offset the powerful first violins. (Of course a much larger orchestra every way is still the desideratum with us.) The overtures were finely played; the finale to the "William Tell" with rare precision and brilliancy, which of course warmed the multitude to an encore. The *Andante* to the Fourth Symphony, too, fully renewed its delightful impression of beauty and of tenderest, deepest feeling. It was played better than before. But the memorable feature of the concert was the Beethoven Concerto, played right under the statue of the composer, by one of the world's two first

pianists, and with full orchestral accompaniments. And yet it was a cruel disappointment to be cut short with only the *first movement* of the Concerto in C minor, after the whole had been announced, and after that first movement had proved so witchingly beautiful, that it was hard to tear oneself from the enjoyment of so pure a work of Art, especially as such a chance of perfect interpretation on the pianist's part might never come again. But Thalberg's execution was a miracle of perfection. The orchestra seemed to feel that it must be, and that it must not be spoiled, to judge by the unity and delicacy with which they played the long introduction, and the accompaniment throughout. And what a masterpiece the composition is! To say nothing of its ideas and spirit, worthy of Beethoven, how admirably the instruments are made to lead and blend into the sounds of the piano, what exquisite contrasts and minglings of strings and reeds! Thalberg played it not only with the utmost precision, force and clearness, but with the finest light and shade, bringing out with exquisite feeling and accent all those little melodic phrases which in Beethoven's music melt out of the tone mass, like passing smiles of a celestial meaning and beauty which ever and anon light up a grand and earnest face. The ease with which it was done, too, showed to what excellent account this new power of pianism may be turned in qualifying the player for expressive interpretation of the master compositions. But what held the audience in breathless delight for some minutes was the long and elaborate cadence introduced by Thalberg at the orchestral pause near the end. It was marvellously ingenious and beautiful, an abstract, in fact, of the entire movement, as if it had caught its own image in a distant mirror. Right knowingly had the pianist seized upon this transition point between the old school and the new, between music as music, and music as illustration, and shown his best art where he had the noblest subject. Now one could not but ask why, interesting as it is in those Fantasias above discussed, this wonderful pianism does not see for itself a higher and more glorious calling in subordinating itself more frequently and as a chief duty to the unfolding of the beauties of inspired works like those of Beethoven. For, although the Sonatas, Concertos, &c., present comparatively fewer difficulties to the fingers than the modern music, yet there is no possible perfection of skill in execution which would be thrown away in the rendering of them. Can the simplest lines of Shakespeare find too great an actor? Certainly it was clearly settled that evening that Thalberg can appreciate and can play Beethoven.

For Fantasias this time he gave us two of his very best; the "Prayer from Moses" and the "Masaniello." The former we have always thought about the first of his works in this kind. There is perfect unity of spirit and of structure throughout. It grows and builds itself up symmetrically, and does not descend to the patchwork character which may be charged on some of these pieces. The opening is in the most delicate, fresh vein of Thalberg, clear as crystal, leading you on from one happy surprise to another, through the light dance themes of the opera, till the harmony broadens and the Prayer follows as of necessity, and is amplified into majestic proportions. We had always felt its power, but found that we did not half realize it until we had heard him play it

* Read the preface to his *L'Art du Chant Appliquée au Piano*, published by O. Ditson & Co.

Mme. D'ANGRI's selections were excellent. The two from Rossini, being in her own peculiar school, exhibited both voice and execution to the best advantage. Between the two from Mozart there was great difference in the rendering. *Batti, batti* suffered; an orchestral accompaniment, to no song more essential, would perhaps have imparted more of its true spirit to the singer. And there stood the orchestra: why were they not used? But *Voi che sapete* was most beautifully sung, in pure, sustained *cantabile* style, and in her best voice. With these tones the delicious melody sounded as it ought to sound. All wished to hear it repeated, and it did a violence to the pure feeling generally excited to have the demand answered by so incongruous a thing as the *Lucrezia Drinking Song*.

FOURTH CONCERT, (Tuesday evening). Another Concerto (i. e. a first movement) of Beethoven: that in Eb. As a composition it warmed us even more than the C minor. The quaint conciseness and boldness of the leading theme, the joyous, elated young Bacchus tread and rhythm of the whole thing, approaching once the ecstasy of the Ninth Symphony, were such as Beethoven only has expressed. Mr. Thalberg played it in the same chaste classical style as the other; only perhaps a little less carefully; and there was no marvellous cadenza to astound the general audience. The orchestra had shrunk to a thin shadow—only two first violins—the effect of sickness and other accidents. Of course this lent a chill to it. The other orchestral selections were accordingly inferior; the weak humdrum overture to *Martha*, another empty one by Kalliwoda, and an "Alexander March." Thalberg played his *Semiramide Fantasia*, chiefly founded on the ghost scene, his *Lucia Finale* and Serenade from *Don Pasquale* and his most sparkling *Elisir d'Amore*. D'ANGRI executed "Variations di Bravura," written for her by Rossini, very admirably; also an Aria from Mercadante's *Saffo*, another from *L'Italiana in Algeri*, and a Cavatina from Donizetti's "Romeo and Juliet." MORELLI made a great hit with Rossini's *Tarantella*, and sang *Amor funesto* in his uniformly artistic manner. His voice seemed somewhat hard, but resonant and telling.

[The following came too late to take its place under "Correspondence"; as it is, a portion of the letter has to be deferred.]

NEW YORK, Jan. 14. Last Tuesday week, Mr. APOTOMMAS gave the second of his Harp Soirées at Dodworth's saloon, assisted by Madame SPACZEK, a lady pianist, and by the MOLLENHAUER brothers. Mme. VON BERKEL, from the German Opera Company, had promised to sing, but failing to be present, Mr. OTTO FEDER, volunteered his services, and gave a couple of songs. The feature of the evening was the attempt of Mr. Apotomas to play classical music upon the harp, an instrument wholly incapable of taking the place of a piano-forte. The trio selected was one by ONslow; and though Mr. Apotomas played with great skill and correctness, yet the Trio fell rather heavily upon the audience. But in its own peculiar province the harp is most delicious to listen to, and in such pieces as GOTTSCHALK'S *Marche de Nuit*, and in familiar melodies, with their variations, I know of no instrument that, under the hands of a master, discourses sweeter music. There is an indescribable dreaminess about it, a perfect enjoyability, that to my ear no other instrument possesses. Perhaps one reason why the harp is such an agreeable instrument is, that it is

the most graceful of any to perform on, and is connected with so many romantic associations. Old Ossian, with his streaming white hair floating upon the wind, sang the song of other days, while his trembling fingers wandered along the chords of his rude harp. King David, when his pious heart broke out into song, cried out, "Awake thou, my lute and harp," and praised the Lord "upon an instrument of ten strings, and upon the harp." In our fancies of the other world we see angels with golden harps in their hands, and the idea is beautiful indeed. But how different the effect were any other instrument introduced into the celestial regions! Imagine, for instance, a cherub playing on the violin, a seraph piercing the air with the tones of a flageolet, angels puffing away at ophecleides and French horns, while St. Cecilia is sitting on an adjacent cloud, strumming on one of Erard's "Grands"!

GOTTSCHALK, who has for some time past been making farewell appearances, previous to departures for Europe, and who, like PAUL JULIEN, seems determined never to leave the country, gave another grand concert d'adieu last evening, and announces another one in Brooklyn in a few days. Herr GOLDBECK, the young pianist, whom I have previously mentioned, intends giving a series of piano-forte recitals at the residence of a gentleman in 23d street. Though given at a private house, these matinées will be accessible to the public, the price of subscription to the three concerts being two dollars. Mr. Goldbeck will be assisted by Mme. JOHANNSEN and Mr. DOEHLER, a violinist connected with the English Opera orchestra.

Mr. EMILE GUYON, a pianist and pupil of THALBERG, is rash enough to announce a concert for Saturday evening.

The German Opera Company are in trouble, the prima donna, Mme. JOHANNSEN, not having appeared for several evenings. An indifferent substitute has been found in the person of Miss CRONFIELD, a young lady, with a voice of limited power and cultivation. LORTZING'S comic opera, *Czar and Zimmerman*, has been produced with this lady in the chief role.

An inexcusable blunder of mine, in my last letter, in which I failed to render unto Spohr the things that are Spohr's, has excited the just and awful indignation of my worthy colleague, Mr. —— t ——, the Typographical Sphynx. Perhaps he may remember, in the opera of *Trovatore*, where the Count de Luna hears the serenade of the Troubadour, and overcome with inexpressible fear, cries out: "Io tremo": so when I see Mr. Typographical Sphynx amiably excoriating me in his New York letter, "Io tremo," and I wring my hands, beat my breast, tear my hair, put sackcloth 'nd ashes on my head, and have scarcely enough strength left to sign myself, a la Micawber!

"The Remains of a Fallen Tower,"
TROVATOR.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—The first of the Wednesday Afternoon Concerts (the joint enterprise of the members of the orchestra, with CARL ZERRAHN for leader) drew a large audience to the Music Hall, and passed off successfully. The programme ministered to the refined and to the simple appetite in happy proportions. For the former, Beethoven's Fourth Symphony and the overture to "Oberon" were a rich allowance. The lighter pieces were quite good in their way. The performance was worthy of the orchestra, which numbered very nearly all who play in the Philharmonic Concerts. A novelty was the first public performance of Master CARLYLE PETERSON, a young pianist of about twelve years. He played with orchestra Hummel's difficult *Rondo Brilliant* in a way that vouches for diligent practice. It was very well played, for a boy; but whether it was well that the boy should play, is another question.

Rare genius (and what so rare?) may justify it sometimes, but as a rule it is better for the boy, the art, the public, and for all concerned, that he be not stirred up to much haste about self exhibition.

Musical Chit-Chat.

To-morrow evening MR. THALBERG and his artists, with MR. ZERRAHN'S orchestra, and the Handel and Haydn Society, give us "Mozart's Requiem," in the Music Hall. We have never had this great work adequately done here, and only once or twice, a long time since, attempted. It will be the musical event of the season. Mme. D'ANGRI takes the contralto solos, Mrs. LONG the soprano, (Mme. DE WILHORST having joined the Strakosch opera in New York.) Mr. ARTHURSON the tenor, and Sig. MORELLI the bass. In the second part Thalberg will play his "Prayer of Moses," and other pieces, and also for this time only on the *Oryge Alexandre*, besides vocal selections. This is Mr. Thalberg's last performance in Boston, as he proceeds at once to Hartford, New Haven, Troy and Albany.... This evening the "ORPHEUS" Glee Club, composed of Germans, who have long enjoyed weekly practice under the lead of Mr. AUGUST KREISSMANN, give the first of three subscription concerts at Mercantile Hall. The Club will sing some of the best parts by Mendelssohn, Lenz, Maurer, &c., and the chorus: *O Isis and Osiris*, from the "Magic Flute." Miss LUCY A. DOANE will sing: *Thou that killest the prophets*, from "St. Paul," Mozart's *Vedrai carino*, and with Mr. Kreissmann a duet from *Le Nozze di Figaro*; and there will be sung a "Nightingale Duet" by tenor and bass. Mr. SCUHLTE contributes a violin solo, and Mr. LEONHARD, the pianist, a "Song without Words" by Mendelssohn, and a *Polonaise* by Chopin. Truly a beautiful programme.

Mr. SATTER, it will be seen, offers an inviting programme, and a novel one, for his second Soirée next Wednesday evening. WILLIAM MASON will assist him. A Piano Trio founded upon Byron's "Sardanapalus" must at least pique curiosity, and Liszt's two-piano "Preludes" are reputed among his best works.... The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, having been absorbed into Thalberg's orchestra last Tuesday night, postpone the concert of that evening until Tuesday after next.... CARL ZERRAHN'S second Philharmonic will come off next Saturday evening. The Programme will include Beethoven's Second Symphony (in D), Berlioz's overture, *Le Carnaval Romain* (first time), Andante from Mendelssohn's "Song of Praise," a Romanza for French Horn, overture to *Zampa*, and more, of which we are not yet informed.... Do not forget the Wednesday Afternoon Concert at the Music Hall.

Advertisements.

Music Hall, Sunday, Jan. 18th.

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Farewell Appearance in Boston.

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PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THE SECOND CONCERT, being the first of the regular series of four, will be given on Saturday Evening, Jan. 24, 1857. Subscription Lists may be found at the principal music stores, where also tickets can be obtained. Packages of 4 tickets, \$3; single ticket \$1.

CARL ZERRAHN, Director and Conductor.

Advertisements.

NOTICE.

THE members of the ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB respectfully inform their friends and subscribers, that their FIRST Concert of the Series of Three, will take place at

Mercantile Hall, 16 Summer street,
on Saturday, Jan. 17, 1857,
on which occasion they will be kindly assisted by
Miss LUCY A. DOANE,
Mr. HUGO LEONHARD, pianist, and
Mr. WILLIAM SCHULTZE, Violinist.
AUGUST KREISSMANN.....DIRECTOR.
Single Tickets, to be had at the door on the evening, 50 cts.
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GUSTAVE SATTER'S
SECOND PHILHARMONIC SOIRÉE
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ASSISTING ARTISTS.—Miss Emma Davis, Vocalist;
Wm. Mason, the eminent Pianist; Wm. Schultze,
Violinist; H. Jungnickel, Violoncellist; B. J. Lang,
Pianist.

PROGRAMME.
1—Sonata: (A flat) op. 26.....Beethoven.
Gustave Satter.
2—Grand Trio: (E flat).....Satter.
1. Allegro molto—2. Romance—3. Scherzo—4. Finale.
Messrs. Schultze, Jungnickel and Satter.
3—Scene and Air: "Freischütz,".....Weber.
Miss Emma Davis.
4—Les Preludes: Poésie Symphonique, (for two pianos,) Liszt.
Messrs. Mason and Satter.

Both SATTER'S Trio and LISZT's Preludes are performed on this occasion for the first time.

The composition of the Trio is based on Byron's "Sardanapalus."—The composition of the Preludes is based on Lamartine's "Méditations Poétiques."

Tickets for the Series, admitting two persons, \$3.50: one person, \$2: or one admission to a single concert, \$1.
Commences precisely at 7½ o'clock.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.

The above Society respectfully inform the musical public that they will give a Series of

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At the BOSTON MUSIC HALL, commencing on Wednesday, the 14th of January, 1857. There will be a large Orchestra, composed of the best resident musicians, with Mr. CARL ZERBACH as Conductor. Further particulars hereafter.

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